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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 219
Release Political Offenders.—J. H. H..... 220
Persecution on Account of Religion.—C. F. D..... 222

THE PULPIT—
A Christmas Message.—Mrs. E. E. Smith..... 223

CORRESPONDENCE—
Anent "The Negro in America."—Zona Gale... 226

THE STUDY TABLE—
Book Reviews.—Harry Foster Burns..... 226

POETRY—
Blue and White.—*Mary Willis Shuey*..... 222
The Crowning Truth.—*Exchange*..... 222
Sand.—*Hortense Flexner* 222
A Challenge.—*Hugh Francis Blunt*..... 225
Sometimes.—*Thomas S. Jones, Jr*..... 225

THE FIELD—
Christmas at Lincoln Centre..... 227
The Negro Question.—*The Public*..... 227

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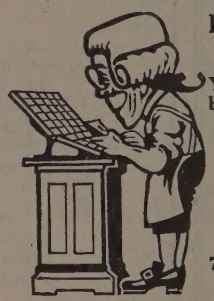

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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1918 NUMBER 16

A PRAYER.

Infinite Love, help us to find thee. Never failing love, help us to trust thee. All sufficient power of love, help us to find our strength in thee. O Father, help us to climb through hate and selfishness on to the heights where love and disinterestedness bring peace in the midst of the storm, rest in the strain of work, comfort in the disappointments of life. Father, we are weak and need some strong revealing of thyself. May we find it in the hunger of the human heart; may we find it in the upreaching of life everywhere; and may the love that is resting in the nest of the bird, in the home of the savage, in the heart of the sage, be ours, that thy peace may come into our lives and thy strength be found in our arms and thy truth find utterance in our words. J. LL. J.

In the advertisement of "Unity Hymns and Chorals" on the first page is an extract from a review of the book by Rev. J. T. Sunderland in which he says: "I want to do all I can to call the attention of our ministers and churches to it." In doing so, Mr. Sunderland renders a distinct service to liberal congregations. Those who sing these hymns can sing them with intellectual honesty, and all the old sanctities of reverence and worship do not suffer from the wider view. Both hymns and services show a rare literary quality and spiritual uplift. In All Souls Church, Chicago, this book has been used since its first appearance but the last three months have brought home to the congregation as never before its great value. A different minister has occupied the pulpit almost every Sunday. Many strangers have been present, and from both pulpit and people have come glowing appreciation of the beauty of the services. The hymns lend themselves to congregational singing. It is a book for the children to love and grow up with.

It is with a very deep sense of loss that we learn of the death at St. Luke's Hospital on Sunday last of Dr. George Burman Foster of the University of Chicago. Dr. Foster had been ill about three weeks and death followed an operation which was performed a week ago. With his going, Chicago and the nation lose a bold advocate of intellectual and political freedom, and the cause of liberal religion a learned and forceful exponent. Dr. Foster has lived to see the truths he made clear in his "Finality of the Christian Religion," which created such a stir in conservative religious circles at the time of its publication, become the commonplaces of the daily thinking of ever-increasing numbers of people, and of churches. He was a man of great moral courage. When the time came that he found himself questioning the tenets of the orthodox church of which he was pastor, he immediately terminated his connection with the church and went to Europe to study and find out what he really did believe—a course which it would be infinitely better for their congregations and the cause of truth in the world if many other ministers followed. Since that time he has been giving with a clearness and power that will long be remembered, to his classes, to his audiences, and to the world through his books, the truth as he really believed it after years of careful, honest, philosophical thinking. Dr. Foster was through many years a friend of the Editor of UNITY and at the burial service at Hillside, on September 14, he gave the very beautiful, sympathetic and understanding estimate of Mr. Jones which was printed in full in the Memorial Number of UNITY of November 28. Perhaps a sentence or two from his tribute to his friend at that time may also serve to indicate Dr. Foster's own attitude toward life and his way of service:

> He believed in the human art of making the fittest, and gave himself to that task with unremitting toil for more than half a century. . . His faith was not one that assimilated itself to the past; he was a forward-looking man. In all this he served his generation by the will of God. In all these ways, the man who thought, the man who dreamed, did more than think and dream: he worked while it was day in the service of the Eternal Goodness.

Q.

It is surprising to note the unanimity with which not only the daily press but a great number of the so-called better class of weekly and monthly magazines have taken up the slogan of "Down with the Bolshevik Menace." Just why it is a menace they do not stop to point out. If we believe in evolution, we cannot escape the fact that just as political democracy has followed monarchy, so indusrial democracy will follow political democracy. The two planks in the Bolshevik platform which most clearly differentiate it from what we know as democracy are that land and industry belong to the people—to all the people, and they have gone so far as to take the land and divide it among the people and to take the tools and products of industry over into the hands of the people who use and produce them. The first procedure is not unlike in principle the program of the Single Taxer. The second policy has been a fundamental demand of all socialists since the days of Marx and is but an extension of the idea we know as government ownership of railroads, etcetera. If the people of a nation wish to have this kind of democracy, it seems strange that the rest of the world should attempt to

prevent it. The current press insists upon the evils of what it calls a "proletarian dictatorship." To a democrat, the choice between a dictatorship of the proletariat—which of course is the majority—and the dictatorship of either the bourgeois or the monarchial minority ought to seem a very simple one. Moreover, the members of other classes are not forced to remain in those classes and so be under the "dictatorship" of the majority. All they have to do to become part of the ruling group is to join the workers and add by their labor to the world's wealth instead of living parasitically upon it. It is a very ancient and much reverenced book which says: "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." The Bolsheviki have merely modified it to read: "If a man will not work, neither shall he govern those who do." Much as we deplore the reported violence which is said to have accompanied the change of rulers in Russia, we must remember first the absolute unreliability of all press reports, of such matters; second, the contradictory and practically unanimous reports of those who have been in Russia; third, the fact that no revolution has ever been unaccompanied by bloodshed, and fourth that even were the most extreme reports of the daily press true, it could not equal the violence committed on an innocent peasantry during any one year of the Czar's régime. Q.

Release Political Offenders

Now that the war against the Central Empires is to all intents and purposes over, it is to be hoped that no time will be lost by the government in granting amnesty to all political offenders in this country.

It is difficult to believe that we are referring to the United States in speaking of such a problem as that of "amnesty" for "political offenders." Such phrases have long been familiar in the story of Russia under the Czar, of Germany under the Kaiser, of the Italian provinces under the Austrian Emperor; but they seem strangely out of place in the history of America. It is one of the ironies of this war for democracy, however, that the sending of American troops abroad to free Europe from the horror of Prussian tyranny has been accompanied here at home by the wholesale arrest and punishment of those who did not immediately regiment themselves into obedient adaptation to the administration's policy of war. It has never been the habit of Americans to cultivate uniformity of opinion. On the contrary it has long been one of our proudest distinctions that in state, as well as in church, the heretic was justified of, and protected in, his heresy. It was impossible, therefore, that on such a highly controversial subject as the participation of America in a Europen war, all persons should come to one opinion at one time. It was inevitable that many would oppose such action on the part of the nation, and feel themselves guaranteed recognition in the expression of their opposition. The administration, however, for reasons best known to itself, did not feel it safe to tolerate freedom of opinion in the face of so terrible an emergency. Hence the immediate following of the declaration of war by the passage of military regulations and espionage acts hitherto unheard of in the experience of free Americans, and the inexorable penalizing of all who were either unwilling or unable to adjust themselves to the new situation. It is these persons who are the political offenders of whom we speak. Not aliens, or traitors, or pro-Germans, who plotted and acted to the end of aiding the Central Powers to victory in the war—with these we have no sympathy! But citizens of the country who, rightly or wrongly, wisely or unwisely, believed the United States should not have gone to war and said so, or who alleged conscientious objections against war and therefore refused to accept military service! How many of these political offenders are in prison or under indictment we do not know. That they are to be numbered by thousands, rather than by scores of hundreds, is certain.

The enactment and execution of these laws under which political offenses were punished in this country during the past year and a half, constitute a problem which historians will debate long into the future. The sentences pronounced by our courts will of course find no defenders when the war-madness of the hour has passed away. Their frequent ferocity and prevailing inequality will stand forever as an astounding revelation of the hysteria of temper possible in a democracy under the stress and strain of war. But the laws themselves will long find defenders on the ground that the stupendous peril of the German menace, the importance of immediate and highly efficient national action, and the existing divisions of public opinion, made necessary legislation which would enable the government to obtain instant control of the situation. Personally I do not believe that such an argument is tenable. I am certain that, when the history of this period is written, it will be shown that America lost far more than she gained by the legal weapons placed in the hands of Burleson and Gregory. The absence of any organized and courageous liberal opinion at this moment to sustain President Wilson in his fight at the Versailles council for a truly democratic peace, is only one of the lamentable consequences of this systematic policy of repression and terrorization. If we lose all at the peace, it will only be because we did not dare all in the war! But this is beside our point! The question is not as to whether the enactment of the espionage and other acts was necessary or unnecessary, or their execution wise or unwise. I am ready to grant, for the sake of argument, that

such legislation was inevitable, and that Burleson and Gregory have on the whole done as well in the enforcement of the acts as could reasonably be expected. What I am now insisting is that the war is over, the danger past, and that the necessity, or wisdom, of imprisoning persons who are guilty of no other offence than that of independent opinion in matters of governmental policy and method, no longer exists.

Take, for example, the case of Roger Baldwin, now in the Essex County (N. J.) jail, for refusing service in the army. Here is a man born of an eminent Massachusetts family, educated at Harvard College, of unblemished personal character, with a noble and unbroken record of service on behalf of the poor and unfortunate, who is conscientiously convinced that war is wrong, and who insisted upon living out his conviction at the cost of reputation, liberty, and all personal comfort! His ideas may be as wrong as Judge Mayer said they were at the trial. The necessity of imposing upon him the utmost penalty of the law, may have been as unescapable as Baldwin and his friends themselves conceded. But what is to be gained in forcing this conscientious objector, now that the war is over and recruiting ended, to serve out his sentence to the very last day and hour? What is not to be lost if his body is weakened, his mind clouded, or his spirit embittered? No argument for punishment of crime is here involved, for crime itself, in the moral sense, is not involved. Baldwin is not a criminal; he is a political offender. His offense ended when the war ended; and with it should end as well the penalty of the offence.

Or take another and less conspicuous instance! Last month there were tried and convicted in New York City four young Russians—Jacob Abrams, Hyman Lochnowsky, Samuel Lipmann and Mollie Steimer—for distributing handbills denouncing military intervention in their native country. The handbills were badly printed, crudely worded, and they called Mr. Wilson a "hypocrite." This last was undoubtedly an indictable offence under the law—although one wonders why certain other individuals, notably a resident of Oyster Bay, have not been jailed for characterizations of the President infinitely worse than this just described! I will admit that it was just, or at least necessary, under the circumstances of war, that the three men should be sentenced each twenty years in prison and a $1,000 fine; and Mollie Steimer fifteen years in prison and a $1,000 fine! I do not dispute this point! But what I do dispute is the contention that it is just, or necessary, that these young Russians, guilty fundamentally of no worse offence than that of excessive zeal for a public cause at an unfortunate time, should be doomed to languish in jail until the year 1938, and beyond!

Similar examples might be multiplied—all of persons who at the best are idealists of the purest type, at the worst foolish and obstinate fanatics, in no single instance whatsoever criminals. Is it possible that America will hold these offenders in prolonged confinement when the prisons of Germany and Austria are being emptied of those who opposed the government? Is it possible that America will be willing to expose herself to the very same charge of crushing out opposition opinion by violence, which she is now leveling against the Bolsheviki in Russia? Is it possible that we are soon to witness the amazing spectacle of the aliens who lent direct aid and comfort to the enemy released from internment camps, while our own citizens, guilty only of unusual tenacity of contrary opinion, are held indefinitely behind the bars? Merely to state the situation is to demonstrate that it is incredible. Not thus in a night has America become Prussia! It may be necessary for the nation to take prompt and stern action when the enemy is knocking at the gates; at such times it may very well be that ideas cannot be debated, nor persons respected. But when victory is won and peace restored, America can surely be as generous as she was forced in less happy times to be inexorable!

For the good name of the republic, therefore, if for no other reason, amnesty to all political offenders should be promptly granted. But there is in this case another reason, which should appeal irresistibly to every true friend of the administration. I refer to the fact that Mr. Wilson is at this moment in dire need of the unhesitating support of the liberal opinion both of his own country and of the Allied nations. He is facing the supreme crisis at once of his own career and of the world's civilization. Every reactionary influence making for the defeat of those great ideals of democracy for which the United States entered the war, is arrayed against him at Versailles, and determined to defeat his policies. A shrewd and well informed writer in *The Dial* states that nothing but a miracle can save the situation for humanity. This may be an exaggeration. But certainly the miracle will be necessary if President Wilson is not backed by a liberal opinion in all the Allied countries as determined, enthusiastic and well organized as the tory opinion which must be overthrown. In America, the absence of such a liberal opinion is the supreme tragedy, as it is the perfect peril, of the hour. Scattered, frightened, discouraged by the very power it sought to serve, it is now, at this critical moment, in a state of utter demoralization. The political offenders languishing in prison are the symbol of the plight of free opinion in this country today. By the same token would the release of these prisoners be as the rolling away of the stone from the Tomb? Liberalism would leap to life as in the twinkling of an eye, and Presi-

dent Wilson be strengthened and sustained beyond all imagining in the stupendous work to which he has set his hand.

As one who would see America as triumphant in her faith as in her fighting, and the President justified of his own idealism, I plead for the extension of amnesty to all political offenders as a first condition of the benign accomplishment of peace. J. H. H.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

Persecution on Account of Religion

We hope that our readers have read and carefully noted the opinion pronounced by Judge H. B. Stowe of the U. S. District Court in Brooklyn, N. Y., in the case of the "Russelites," tried last month under the Espionage Act. Perhaps nothing more startling has come from the Federal bench since the Dred Scott decision. The condemned men are sent to jail for twenty years not only for conscience' sake, but for preaching, under a somewhat novel and perhaps despised name, a form of religion to which in substance many thousand people are devotedly attached, for which many would willingly die. Whether it should be called "Christian" or not, makes no difference. It appeals to the highest and most frequently published teachings to be found in the religious writings of the world. Whether the defendants in Judge Stowe's court were too close liberalists or not does not matter. Their form of religion, like that of the Society of Friends, does not depend upon the letter of any scripture, so much as upon the spirit of many great teachers at their best. The only heresy of the believers in this religion is that they really believe and try to do what millions of people say, but neither do nor believe.

Take for instance that passage in the "Sermon on the Mount," in which man is bidden to let "the light" in him, that is, good will "shine," like God's sunlight, at all times "upon the evil and the good." Suppose a man catches the spirit of this remarkable teaching, and finds that he is simply inhibited from going to war. Must we treat him, as the Roman government treated such people, as an enemy of the State? Suppose you have the ingenuity to explain away the passage above; suppose, as some do, you make: "Blessed are the peace-makers" mean: "Blessed are they who fight and punish their enemies"; nevertheless the sublime law of the good will, the one profoundly civilizing force in the universe, comes some day surging back upon your mind more incontrovertible than ever. What more substantial is every day of the war proving than the vast need of men to obey this vital law of our humanity?

And now we are told by a judge that men who try thus to obey are criminals! Whether this is good law or not makes no difference. The result is exactly what we abhor in Kaiserism, namely, persecution for conscience' sake. If this is necessary in the name of "Liberty," we begin to wonder next what is Liberty? What ought those men to do who, though loving their country with all their hearts are bound by the mightiest of human forces—the inward vision and conviction; must they obey God or man? We had thought hitherto that we had an answer, preserved inviolate in the Constitution of the Republic. We had not thought that any judge, fallible and subject, like other men, to human passion and prejudice, could set the rights of men's conscience aside. We should suppose that the nation had better uses for men of moral courage, simply proclaiming what every man deep in his heart wishes that all other men might believe, than to shut them up in our vile jails. Do we like to publish to the world that a hundred million of us are so afraid of the spread of the religion of brotherhood as to discover a terrible national peril in the effort of a handful of men to persuade the rest of us to believe the greatest things in the Bible?

What now if this "war to end war" proves, as history has often shown, that the despised people were nearer to practical wisdom than the statesmen and Prime Ministers! What if they are the humble forerunners of a new movement of humane and spiritual religion, which shall put an end to war, as the preachers of violence, compulsion and punishment have never been able to do with their superior might? Old Gamaliel was no enthusiast, but he was the one wise man among the rulers of his people.

C. F. D.

BLUE AND WHITE.

She had a quilt—all cut for her to piece
In tiny, even squares of white and blue
It was all planned, all cut, all ready there,
And very little left for her to do.

But all her life was made in blue and white,
And every block exactly like the rest.
She knew just how the quilt was meant to look,
There never was a puzzle to be guessed.

And so she came to look, half envious,
At those who cut their own blocks without plan.
She longed to put in reds and greens and blacks,
To slash and slay the quilt that she began.

She made a quilt that all the world admired,
All tiny, even squares of blue and white,
When all her life she wanted crazy-quilts,
But never could be sure that they were *right.*

Midland Magazine. —*Mary Willis Shuey.*

THE CROWNING TRUTH.

"Day by day I think I read more plain
This crowning truth, that, spite of sin and pain,
No life that God has given is lived in vain,
But each poor, weak, and sin-polluted soul
Shall struggle free at last and reach the goal,—
A perfect part of God's great perfect whole."

—*Exchange.*

SAND

The sand which will not hold the print of my shoe,
Remembers, none the less,
Chaos,
The birth of stars,
And the sunken lines of sea-devoured continents.
It is the gray hair of earth,
Bleached and wave-beaten,
That has known the passionate rage of waters,
White heat of sun,
And the slow passing of a thousand thousand years.

Literary Digest. —*Hortense Flexner.*

THE PULPIT

A Christmas Message

For the Children of All Souls Church and the Grown-ups who joined with them Sunday, December 22, in the Christmas Service, delivered by Mrs. E. E. Smith.

Some of you doubtless think it is quite unnecessary this year to have our Christmas service, that without Mr. Jones it is but a mockery, he was so large a part of the service. Perhaps you thought we might better have joined some of the other churches that all over Christendom are today celebrating Peace on Earth and we hope urging a League of Nations that Peace may continue.

We must hold together and until some one comes to minister unto us we must keep on in the old ways we have come to love. It is also possible that some of our children would not find in any other place the special message this church has for them.

If the angels sang the song of "Peace on Earth," and we like to think they did sing it, they must have sung "Let there be Good Will among men that the world may have Peace. There can be no Peace on Earth built on the shifting quicksands of commercial advantage or balance of power, no matter how carefully the treacherous sands are covered by fair promises. There is but one sure foundation for enduring peace, good will to men—ALL men. It can be no negative good will. Jesus gave us the rule for action: 'Do unto others whatsoever ye would that they should do unto you.'" The general rule of the world is, "Do others or they will do you," or, if we are very moral we advance to the rule "Do unto others whatsoever you think they will do unto you." If you are smart and successful you will be prepared and do it first. This is the rule of the practical man today, it is the rule that led Germany into this war. It is only visionaries and dreamers like Jesus who ever suggest any other way.

What a dreamer he was! We have been studying, in our Sunday School this year, what the spades have revealed of the only world with a history, that existed before Jesus was born, just a little bit of world compared to our big world. The little kingdoms then, like the big kingdoms ever since, fought for supremacy and demanded tribute money from the conquered. For three thousand years before he was born they had been struggling for supremacy, first up, then down, but before he came the "Fertile Crescent" had been conquered first by Greece, then by Rome, and through sorrow and tribulation had learned "Not by might nor by power but by my Spirit saith the Lord." If they had not, their wise men would have laughed at the idea of paying tribute to a little baby born in a stable. The three Kings of Orient we sing about may have come across the Arabian desert on their camels from Babylon and Assyria, bringing their gifts of gold, frankincense and myhrr. The kings we have learned about would not have done such a thing for they ruled by might and power.

The Jews had been, and still were, a subject people, but they were quite sure they were the chosen people of God who would some day send them a Messiah to restore them to power and overthrow all their enemies. Some thought this little baby might be the long looked for Messiah even though he was born in a stable instead of a palace, and they too rejoiced. But as he grew to be a man and went about talking of the Fatherhood of God, eating with publicans and sinners, poor, despised, setting at naught their time honored laws and customs, they doubted him. Instead of an army there were only twelve men, and they mostly of the common people who followed him about. Even among these twelve there must have been some who thought, if he is the Son of God, when the time comes he will perform some miracle and confound his enemies. Judas may have thought he was hastening the day by putting him in a position where he must call to his aid the powers of heaven. We cannot blame the Jews that they repudiated him as their Messiah for they thought his teachings visionary and impractical. It was utter nonsense to talk of the Brotherhood of Man when every one knew they were superior people. Their Messiah would wear fine clothes and have a great army. He could have put himself at the head of an army and he must have known it. He could have gained temporal power had he chosen and been forgotten as other kings were who chose to deny the Spirit of the Lord. Because he was true to his vision, to the truth as he saw it, he was stoned, beaten, mocked and murdered. Yet today we join with millions in celebrating his birth and life. Yet even now, as then, but the few really believe his teachings will answer for rules of action, and the few who try to follow his teachings are considered cranks, or poets and dreamers.

Right now our nation is summoned, as no other nation has ever been summoned, to stand for a *christian* nation, or to crucify Jesus anew,—declaring he is none of ours and we are none of his.

No matter what we think of war, or of this war, the boys who have been in the hell at the front have thought they were fighting for democracy, for freedom, that they were fighting a war to a finish that was to end war forever. From them all comes back the jubilant triumphant note, we have won the war that is to end war. Is it merely the optimism of youth? Because there have always been wars must there alway be? Are the boys to come back and become cynical and bitter as they see us, even before their wounds are healed, getting ready for the next war, and realize that so far as ideals are concerned their sacrifice was in vain?

All about us we feel the pressure and hear the talk of preparedness and universal military training, that we may be ready for the next war. We are being urged to take up the very same methods that made Germany the stupid, willing tool of an ambitious corrupt ruling class.

How much must we suffer before we learn "Not by might nor by power but by my Spirit saith the Lord"? Do we believe in an over-ruling power that makes for righteousness, or is it all a matter of chance and the devil take the hindmost? Is it the rule of the universe that the fittest survive and that the fittest are the strongest, or is there a moral law to which human nature must conform? Was Jesus the world's greatest fool or the sanest, wisest, sweetest, most far seeing statesmen the world has ever known? These are the questions we Americans must answer. Now is our accepted time of salvation, and as we answer so will

we decide whether we are to survive, to be the hope and promise of humanity, or, like our predecessors who chose might and power, go down, our only contribution to human progress the lesson learned in our failure.

His message was not for a tribe or a race or a nation. He spoke for Humanity when he talked of the Fatherhood of God. Humanity will some day heed the teachings. Would that we might be worthy to lead in the triumphal procession that moves towards Brotherhood. Our Senate that must ratify the peace treaty (more's the pity) is talking of demanding indemnity, of insisting on a practical peace that will work to our commercial advantage. Why do they not frankly say, "Come let us coin the blood of our boys into dollars that we may barter and sell and so make more money"?

I want to tell you a story about China. About twenty years ago the people of China found the Great Powers of Europe and Japan claiming the best ports, with the surrounding country as zones of influence. They found one of the Christian churches owning much of their best agricultural land, and one of the Great Powers insisting the Chinese admit opium, even though they protested, knowing that opium was the curse of their countrymen. Then the Chinese in their ignorance and wickedness said, "Come, we will rid our land of these hateful foreigners, we will kill them." So they wickedly killed many good men and women who were laboring to do only good to the Chinese. The official representatives of the Great Powers who were stationed in their capital city, Pekin, they shut in their cantonments and refused to sell them food. Fortunately the officials lived near together and could help one another. Even though they killed for food all the horses but one little old tough white pony, they were in great danger of starvation. The Great Powers said, "Come, we will send armed soldiers into this land, to rescue our officials and strike terror to the hearts of the heathen Chinese." So they sent soldiers from Russia, France, Italy, Germany, England and the United States. Japan asked to be included, so her soldiers too were there. Great battleships were sent. The officials were rescued and terror was stricken to the hearts of the Chinese by the deeds that were done. Then the Great Powers said, "It has cost us much treasure to do this, the Chinese are to blame and they must pay unto each of us an indemnity." The beauty loving French guarded the Kings Park with its beautiful Dragon Wall and exquisite marble bridge; both were utter wrecks when I saw them. The soldiers of the United States guarded the king's palace that was being restored for the return of the king. The English troops guarded the Temple of Heaven,—all the bronze was missing when I was there. The Japanese asked to guard the temples of Buddha. They alone were unharmed. The protectors all said the Chinese themselves did all the damage. Be that as it may I got some impressions that are worth recalling just now. Among the battleships in the harbor I looked in vain for our flag. The English officer who kindly pointed out the places of interest said with a queer smile, "Wait, you will see the sample of the United States navy a little later." When I did it was the most laughable thing there was in the orient. "A funny little old boat looking like a Mississippi sidewheeler was tied up to the shore, the harbor was miles out. On the shore was a lone soldier or marine marching up and down. "What is that man doing?" "Guarding your navy." Why he should waste good sole leather doing it was a mystery. No one would have wanted the old boat and if one had been rash enough to steal it as a souvenir he couldn't have gotten it away. Unless the United States government has had it floated out to deep water and loaded on to a real ocean going vessel it is still there, and is all the battleship we need in Chinese waters. At the consul's was another man in uniform. It did seem a pity that they couldn't be together for company. At the legation in Pekin were a few more. The rest had all been sent back to the Philippines. The soldiers of all the other countries were there in abundance, much more terrifying to a woman alone than to the Chinese. A boy of seventeen and I started out to see the town, for they said, "Since you are here you might as well see what there is to see and what foreigners may never have a chance to see again." As we went along, he on the little old white pony that had escaped because he was so old and tough, and I in a rickashaw, the Chinese called at us and looked with scowls and hatred. "What do they call at us?" "White Devils." Remembering what I had been told of the deeds done I did not blame the Chinese, but suggested we had better go back as I did not care to see the Temple of Heaven just then anyway. "Wait, they have not recognized us. It is a lucky thing you have on that wide-brimmed felt hat so much like mine and those of our soldiers." Soon another word was called down the street and the scowls vanished and the faces were friendly. "What has happened? What have they called out now?" "They have sent word along the line that we are Americans." "What difference does that make?" "Only yesterday they learned that we have returned most of the indemnity."

Though China was hard beset with debt yet at once she set that money aside that for all time was to be a fund to send Chinese young men to American universities. That returned indemnity was the best investment we ever made for commercial advantage. China favors us, looks to us for help and advice, believes in us because we did unto them what we would have had them do unto us. I have felt that there has never been enough credit given Minister Conger and Mrs. Conger for the large part they both played in bringing about the friendly relations with China that changed China from a backward looking nation to a nation with eyes steadfastly turned to the future.

You children will wonder what you can do to help, you are so little and know nothing of national or international affairs and you have little money. Jesus was once little like you and he never had any money and he didn't seem to care much for national or international affairs. But he cared so much for the truth he died for it, and he cared so much for humanity he suffered the scorn and loneliness of one whom no one understood. You can help by really, truly believing that what Jesus taught was true, is true and always will be true. The best rule to follow for peoples and nations is to do to others as they would have others do unto them.

When I was a girl and went to an orthodox college they said I was not a Christian because I did not believe in their scheme of salvation. At first I cared, just as you care when people say you are not Chris-

tians if you do not think about Jesus as they do. But after a while I didn't care what they thought, and then later I didn't care whether I was stamped Christian or not.

On the way home from China I stopped in Rome and in the churches there were figures that did not seem so very different to me from the idols in the temples in Japan and India and the people seemed to regard them and pray to them as had the people in Japan and India. I didn't like the looks of the priests, there were so many of them and they were so well dressed and fat while there were so many beggars in rags. In the Vatican there was a statue of Truth. It had come from the artist's hands the naked truth. Some evil minded person had it clothed in tin and then, that the deception might be complete, the tin was painted white. That seemed to me rather appropriate for the church, for had not the churches so covered the simple teachings with creeds and forms and ceremonies that the truth as it came from Jesus was all covered with the things men following him had made? In such a frame of mind I went into the Pope's new church, an ugly church with an effigy of the Christ by the door. I was turning away when a poor old woman came in and threw herself at the feet of the Christ. There she clung sobbing. Suddenly everything was changed. I was standing on holy ground, Jesus was standing there lifting up the poor old woman and comforting her as he has done and is still doing for the millions who have no comfort or comforter but Jesus. He looked at me and said, "Cannot you help me? The burden is *so* heavy at times and so few understand. They think I came to teach some scheme of salvation. I know no way of salvation but loving kindness. I came to heal the sick, comfort the broken hearted, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, help men to do good to them that despitefully use them, to forgive their enemies. They take my name in vain and the name of the Father who sent me, who will not follow my teachings. They mock me with their greed and their wars. Help bind up the wounds of the war stricken world. While such as these are heavy laden and little children starve or live to sin there can be no joy in heaven."

A little later my family came to Chicago, and looking for a church and a minister that was helping Jesus bear the burdens of the world, I found Mr. Jones and this church, and no matter who denies to us the Christian title, I am sure Jesus will know us for his own.

Do you children know that little children are starving by the millions in Europe? You can help by saving food, never wasting any so there may be plenty to send to the hungry children of Austria and Germany as well as Italy, Belgium and France. If the grown-ups say, "Not for the Germans!" you tell them we MUST if we are Christians, for Jesus said, "DO good to them that hate you." Tell them it will not be the Kaiser, his family, nor the nobility, nor the officers, nor even the German army that will starve this winter if we send no food. It will be the grandmothers and grandfathers and the little children who die before the next harvest. Surely we are not ready to slaughter the innocent. IF we send no food we do just that. If we so decide, then in pity's name let there be another draft of those who refuse food to the starving ones, even those who were our enemies. Let us arm them with bayonets and send them to quickly put an end to the slow torture of starvation. "In as much as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Friday we were officially told, by one sent for the purpose, that Mr. Hoover says there is great want in Germany and Austria, that in spite of anything we can do ten million Russians will starve to death. The rest of Europe we can and we *must* feed. If we do not, then will our offense be great.

A Filipino friend said to me, "I notice such a difference in the children here and at home. At home the children cry, here they always laugh. I think they laugh here because they are so glad to be born Americans and at home they cry that they are born Filipinos." The little hungry children of Europe who are crying for food, and will cry till they die unless we feed them, would much rather be little American children looking forward with joy to what Santa Claus will bring them, than hungry and cold with no Christmas at all. The grown-ups will tell you the Germans would not have fed us, that they were very cruel. You tell them that is no reason for our being bad, that Jesus said, "We must overcome evil with good." They will tell you the religion of Jesus will not work in national affairs. You tell them it has in the few instances where it has been tried. You keep on believing it will work till you are grown up and have a chance to vote and decide what sort of men shall represent us. If you do you will help establish Good Will among men and so make possible Peace on Earth. There is no other way. O. C. S.

A CHALLENGE.

How learnedly ye fathom Godhead's deep,
The deep Eternity, Infinitude,
Him that ye call the Galilean rude,
As in the vitriol the quill ye steep.
Christ was not God, ye scoff, and then ye heap
High words to prove Him but a rabbi shrewd,
With spell of Eastern prodigies imbued,
To bring on lowly souls His deadly sleep.
Christ but a man! God only to the blind;
The falsifier of a trusting age,
The victim of a nation's fitting rage,
Deceiver of Himself and humankind.
Ah fools, ye wise, who cannot see the worth
Of your own souls that brought a God to earth!

The Christian Century. —*Hugh Francis Blunt.*

*SOMETIMES.

Across the fields of yesterday
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad just back from play—
The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully
Once he has crept within,
I wonder if he hopes to see
The man I might have been.

In "The Rose Jar." —*Thomas S. Jones, Jr.*

[This poem was incorrectly printed in UNITY October 10, under the title "The Vision." We are now glad to give the poem in its correct form.—ED.]

Correspondence

Anent "The Negro in America"

I am deeply interested in Mrs. Carnovale's editorial in a recent UNITY, because the return of the negro from Europe opens fresh to us all the anomaly of his position in America.

What will be the attitude now of the people of a nation who have seen the negroes go by thousands as volunteers and as conscripts, to fight in a war whose most frequent watchword has been "democracy"?

What will be the attitude, for example, toward those who come back bearing from France the gift of the "cross of war"?

There can hardly be a question here. Those who have assented to this service of the negro must be sufficiently fair-minded to serve him on his return. It will be impossible to accept the gift of the offered life and not say, "Thank you." And "thank you" followed by the cold shoulder is a poor return.

As never before, it must now be clear to us all as we see these dark brothers disembark, that the negro question in America is not a question of race at all, but a social problem. And if we are honest, all social problems involving differences must be honestly met. Otherwise we have overadvertised ourselves to the world.

After all, the need is to look upon the matter as a spiritual matter even more than a social problem. For the "sense of separateness" is a sense which kills the spirit now no less than in the time of Christ.

There is one practical way in which the women readers of UNITY can stretch out their hands to their negro sisters.

About thirty white women are now associate members of the General Federation of Negro Women—an organization of about fifty thousand negro women, meeting biennially in a convention averaging an attendance of four hundred, and working with the stirring and pathetic motto, "Lifting As We Climb." Under the rules of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, consisting of white women, negro women are not admitted. But there is nothing to prevent white women from applying for associate membership in the federation of negro women. The thirty women who did apply were elected by the board, and were immediately extended an invitation to take one full evening of the program of the last biennial meeting at Denver, last July. Because of the distance not a sufficient number of the associate members could attend to make this program practicable. But if the next meeting is held in the east, and if the invitation is repeated, it is hoped that this program may be made the occasion of a real reciprocity.

It is certain that there are other women who would like to apply for associate membership before that time. If any such will send their names to me, I shall be glad to present them to the board. Nothing is involved—no duties, no dues. And if these associate members will attend some of the sessions of that biennial meeting when it is held next time, I know from a rich and unforgettable experience that they will gain more than they may be able to give.

Portage, Wisconsin. ZONA GALE.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Reviews

*"THE NEW HORIZON OF STATE AND CHURCH." That it is here all recognize who have at all kept step with the Mighty Worker before whom nations rise and fall. It is compelling most promising changes in the structure of states. In the church likewise there is promise of movement toward greater reality and unity impelled by this new horizon to which the world has come over a rough and bloody road. President Faunce gives us in a volume of only ninety pages an illuminating interpretation of these events. He contends with historical clearness that when America entered the great war, she forsook the provincialism which resulted from too constant devotion to the development of a new continent, and returned to the sense of world mission, and world vision, which charterized her founders. He contends that under the inspiration of this new horizon the church gives promise of forsaking her materialistic interpretations of truth, her divisions, and of returning to the horizon of Her Founder, with consequent unity of purpose and spirit. He urges the duty of the Christian Patriot to help drive out the marauder, but what is more, to work heroically to establish such a condition of things that the contest with pistols and bludgeons will not again be necessary. President Faunce sees definite obstacles to the International mind which must be overcome. Instead of an idle peace, there must be a peace resulting from recognition of community of interest and unity of purpose. Educational systems must cease to cultivate small nationalisms, and develop the international attitude of mind. Christian leaders must lead in the application of Christian principles to national conduct as well as to individual. International competitions must give way to a League of Free Nations. The churches must unite before they can unite the world. They must federate to serve the common tasks of Christianity. For all who are thoughtfully seeking guiding principles for conduct in these times, here is a volume of rare helpfulness.

From the facile pen of Robert E. Speer we have this year another book.* The signing of the armistice dulled the edge of our interest in the question which occupies the first third of this volume, namely, that of the moral dilemma which faced many good men at the entrance of their nation into the great war. But the second section which discusses the relation of the church to the war sets forth with clearness and with many quotations a very vital view of the relation of the church to the social process either in war or peace. The third section is entitled: "Christianity and the War." He does not go very profoundly into a discussion of the subject, but challenges the church to assume the duties and risks of her rightful task of moral leadership, of sustaining the spiritual vision, and gives an interesting array of significant quotations. It is a book for popular consumption, and will surely help with Dr. Speer's wide following to give the direction of mind that is needed for the new world order.

HARRY FOSTER BURNS.

* "THE NEW HORIZON OF STATE AND CHURCH," by William Henry Perry Faunce, by the Macmillan Company, New York; 64 cents postpaid.

* "THE CHRISTIAN MAN, THE CHURCH, AND THE WAR," by Robert E. Speer; published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 100 pages; 60 cents net.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion"

CHRISTMAS AT LINCOLN CENTRE.

A special effort has been made by the workers at the Lincoln Centre to have the Christmas activities and festivities go on as nearly as possible as they have always done, which, of course, is what Mr. Jones would have wished most of all.

The series of Christmas entertainments began with the annual Christmas party of the Mothers' Club to which the husbands and friends of the club are invited. A delightful program of Christmas pictures and songs was followed by games in which all seemed to return to the plays and enjoyments of their younger days, and by an hour of social dancing and the inevitable refreshments. The attendance was large and every one seemed happy and filled with the Christmas spirit.

The party for the children of the Lincoln Centre clubs and classes was held on Saturday afternoon and attended by about two hundred children. The singing classes gave a delightful program of Christmas songs and carols and then all the children played games and sang and danced and enjoyed their ice cream and boxes of candy.

Monday afternoon the Sunday School children had their party and sang and danced around the Christmas Tree, played games and listened to stories and sang carols and also enjoyed the ice cream and went home happy with their boxes of candy.

The Sunday morning festival was carried through as is the custom at All Souls Church, Mrs. E. E. Smith reading the beautiful service and making a short address. Children and adults joined in the songs and responses.

The Tuesday Class celebrated Christmas by a social afternoon at which Miss Jennie F. W. Johnson gave a most beautiful and delightful program of Christmas carols of all countries. The week before Miss Lackersteen and Miss Sloan held a sale of fancy articles which they and their classes had made, and cleared a fine sum for the work of their departments, the Girls' Clubs and Domestic Science work.

On the last Sunday of the year, Mr. Francis Neilson, will give the morning address, in which he will review the events of 1918. This address will be of unusual interest and should have a large attendance. In the afternoon the monthly organ recital will be given by Mr. Charles Lee Cocke and Miss Jennie F. W. Johnson. The Annual Meeting of the Church and the Lincoln Centre Board will be held on Thursday, January 9, dinner being served at 6:30 p. m.

Q.

At Christmas Time

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THE NEGRO QUESTION.

Light was shed on the exodus of the Negro from the South by Mr. Monroe N. Work in an address before the Southern Sociological Congress. Mr. Work says the migration of Negro labor from the South to the North has had a profound effect upon the social structure of the South, and has placed the Negro in an entirely new light. Not only is he given better pay, but he is accorded juster treatment, better protection under the law and better educational facilities. The latter point is of especial significance. Mr. Work quotes from a letter written by a Negro to the Macon *Telegraph*, in which he says: "First enforce the law equally between all men, black and white. The wholesale arrest of Negroes for very slight causes tends to create a feeling in the minds of our people that they are not getting a square deal. In the second place, public school accommodation for our people in the South in many places is very poor, hence it is an easy matter for many of the Negroes to be lured away when they are told by an emigrant agent that in the North they will not only receive better wages, but that they will receive better advantages for the education of their children. The Negro has settled convictions about educating his children. This he means to do no matter what sacrifice as a parent he has to meet." The two points made by the writer, equality before the law and better educational facilities, are minimum conditions. Education is the watchword of the day, and to no race or class does it make greater appeal than to the Negro. Southerners may say that the Negro has more friends in the South, that they understand him and that in the end he will receive better treatment there than in the North. But as long as these two things are lacking, and particularly the educational opportunities, their words will not carry conviction. It is not a question of setting up schools if the means can be found. Ifs will no longer be recognized. It must be done. Illiteracy must be swept away at any cost. And if there be localities too poor to support the necessary schools, they must have assistance from outside. A nation that can raise six billion dollars a year in taxes for war purposes can raise as much or more for peace purposes.

The Public, December 21, 1918.

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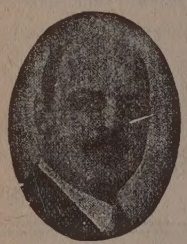

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